T. W. LAMONT ON SALTER'S "SECURITY"

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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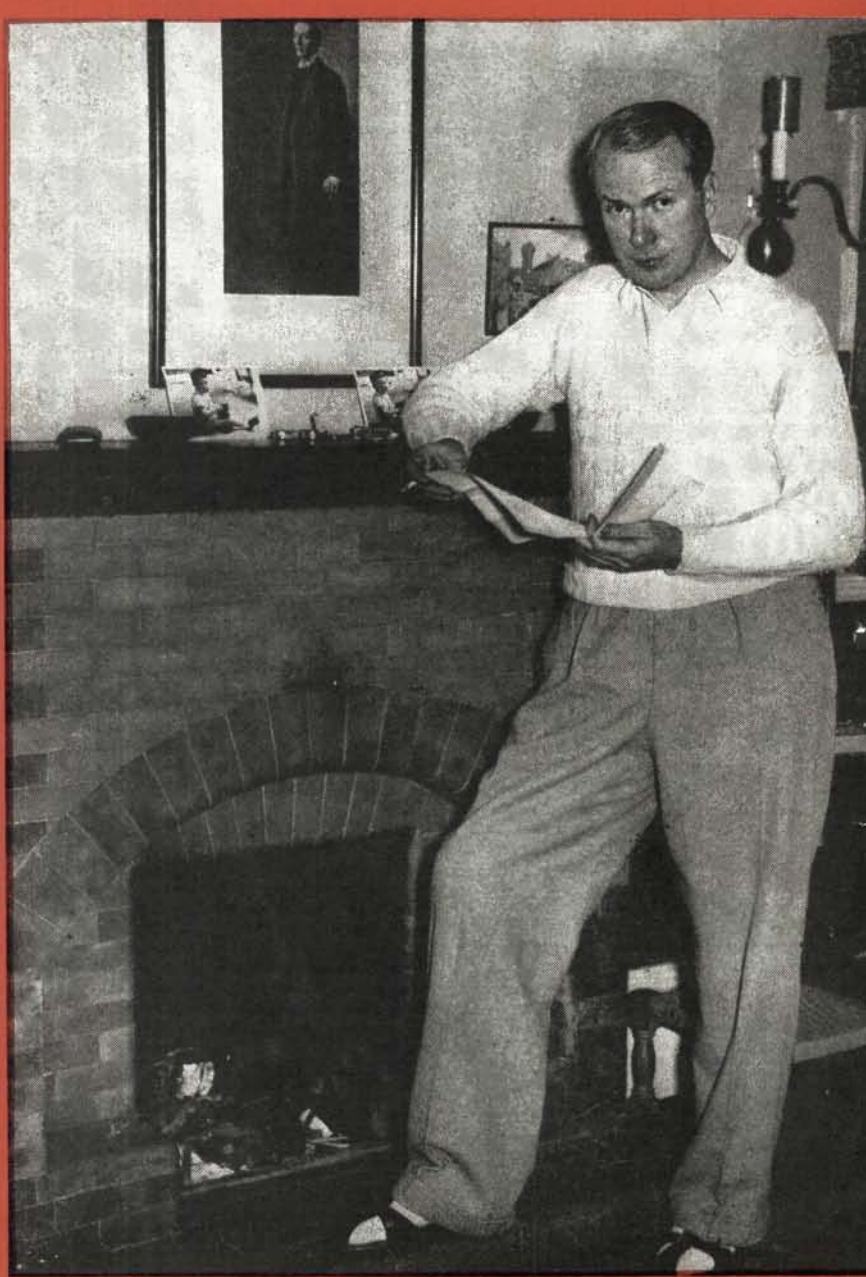

VINCENT SHEEAN: "Always he has taken sides, and sometimes he has been perplexed by divided loyalties. But there is no division of mind in this book" . . . *(See page 5)*

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Salter on Security*

BY

THOMAS W. LAMONT

Wide World

Sir Arthur Salter

AS to the shape of things to come in the European world of politics, there is one school of prophecy—among many less despondent ones—that sets forth these three gloomy alternatives:

a) An early war fiercely waged by the so-called Continental aggressors and won by them with a knock-out blow; or
b) A war delayed in coming but long drawn out, and finally, by means of their greater resources, won by the democratic Powers; or
c) A state of suspended animation, of continued rearmament, of gradual quiescence due to the waning economic strength of all the Powers, but with no real foundation for continued peace.

It is in the hope that all three of these possibilities will be avoided that Sir Arthur Salter has written his book and has set forth his formula for retrieving security.

In the minds of men generally in Britain, in France, and even in America this question is constantly seething: assuming that war has been avoided, how can peace be attained? For the whole world there will be no alternative to continued unrest and economic depression so long as the great Powers are subject to a continuing series of crises. For Americans, even though seemingly far removed from the scene of war and fully determined to avoid conflict, the attainment of a basis for permanent world peace is only measurably less vital than for Britain and the Continent of Europe. President Roosevelt and Mr. Secretary Hull have more than once pointed out that America's economic involvement in any European war is bound to be as serious, even as disastrous, in its consequences, as proved to be the case for us from the aftermath of the World War. It is only the naive who believe that the American depression that began in 1929 was due chiefly to domestic causes rather than to the effect of the repercussions and maladjustments of the World War; delayed and postponed for a decade, it is true, but finally coming as a climax and chiefly as a consequence of the decade of economic war that had been waged in Europe over German reparations. It is only the untutored who believe that if America had avoided armed conflict in 1917 we should have been free from the economic difficulties that sooner or later befell all the countries of the globe, neutral or unneutral, as the case might be.

Sir Arthur's book is a notable volume, and even if one must be slow to believe that his scheme for retrieving security is workable, one must none the less be vastly informed, stimulated, and even at times inspirited by what he has to say. As Sir Alfred Zimmern has pointed out in one among the many excellent reviews in the British press, these 400 pages contain the subjects and material for three or four volumes. Walter Millis in the *Herald Tribune Books* suggests that the author is somewhat prosy and ponderous. I do not agree. Salter is at times apt perhaps to pontificate a bit, but he is crystal clear in all his recital of history for the last twenty years, and is constantly making us sit up and take notice. It is only when he attempts to tell us Britain's way out, that he becomes a trifle hazy. But that is no wonder. If we are reaching for the stars, we are all too apt to find them remote and clouded in mist.

Now inasmuch as the editor of *The Saturday Review* has given me carte blanche as regards space and I am on holiday with plenty of time, perhaps I cannot do better than first to outline these three or four volumes in one that Sir Arthur Salter has given us. His first section is "The Peril and the Prospect." In it his most striking chapters contain his description of "The Passing of Island Immunity",—Britain's loss of her "splendid isolation," owing to the modern aircraft menace; and of what has developed in Germany out of "The Psychology of Defeat" of 1919 and succeeding years. The Salter analysis of this psychology is particularly acute—a deep humiliation and inferiority complex that, when it at last breaks free, takes the form of unreasonable and unbridled aggression.

Another chapter of this section carefully balances the growing economic weaknesses of the autarkical nations against the far greater resources, for the long pull, of the countries, including Russia and Poland, that might be allied against Germany and Italy. And in case of a long struggle the author counts definitely upon American resources in material and supplies becoming available. But Sir Arthur cherishes no illusions concerning an early economic breakdown in Germany: in fact he emphasizes weakness in this respect as a possible factor leading to a move to war before any final breakdown can come.

Salter describes as a powerful present-day factor the "will to check aggression"; such a will being now strikingly manifest not only in Great Britain and France, but in the smaller States, encouraged to fight to preserve their independence. As a weight in the balance against aggression, the author describes Germany as "an

SECURITY: CAN WE RETRIEVE IT? By Sir Arthur Salter. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1939. 391 pp., with index. $3.50.

Next Week

ABEL DAYTON
By FLANNERY LEWIS
Reviewed by George R. Stewart

HENRY, KING OF FRANCE
By HEINRICH MANN
Reviewed by Katharine Anthony

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S.O.S. (From "A Cartoon History of Our Times," by David Low.)

alarming friend for Italy" and for those lesser Powers that seem to come within the German orbit and that, in the event of sweeping German triumph, might almost fall into a state of vassalage.

In his second volume, so to speak, Sir Arthur becomes the historian and narrates the unhappy tale of "Collective Security" as evidenced by the rise and fall from grace, at least temporarily, of the League of Nations. He by no means abandons the principle of collective security and he declares it to be the ultimate ideal towards which the world must be striving. No person wishing to be well informed about political history in the last twenty years should miss this carefully and vividly compiled narration of his. It is soundly and shrewdly conceived, yet the author fails to make clear that a fundamental mistake of the League has been the effort, fruitless and destined to failure from the start, to preserve rigidly the boundaries, many of them synthetic and unreal, set up by the Treaty of Versailles.

Nor can I find that the author brings out the baleful effect upon the destinies of the League of the so-called Peace Ballot in England in 1934-35, as a result of which the then British Government turned over for the time being the conduct of its foreign affairs to an uninformed plebiscite of the people who declared for the imposition of sanctions against any aggressor, without having the foggiest notion of what sanctions meant or what their results might be. So, without having the slightest chance of their being effective, Great Britain led in the declaration of sanctions against Italy because of the aggression against Abyssinia, a step which led directly to the break-up of the traditional friendship between Britain and Italy and the driving of Italy into the arms of Germany,—the form being known as the Berlin-Rome Axis.

No person whom I have ever met—other than an Italian—has ever attempted justification of the Italian attack upon Ethiopia. But condemnation of aggression is one thing, and it is quite another to attempt condign punishment upon the aggressor without having any means of administering it. When the authors of the League Covenant in 1919 drafted Art. XVI (the imposition of sanctions) they of course envisaged no situation that did not include in the Covenant all the great Powers—Britain, France, America, Italy, Japan, and in the not distant future Russia and Germany. Therefore, the term "Collective Security" meant, of course, if it were to be effective, a collection of the Powers. Yet when it came to imposing economic penalties upon Italy in 1935, the only members left of the great Power collection were two (Britain and France) out of seven; Russia being perhaps willing, but for practical trade and sanction purposes negligible.

Sir Arthur writes convincingly and at length upon his country's lethargy and delay in rearming through the Baldwin regimes. He would, however, have done a bit better by his readers, had he gone more fully into all this disastrous Italian episode. It was through these very sanctions that Britain succeeded in unifying an Italian people that had before been greatly divided on the whole question of the adventure in Ethiopia. And the consequent loss of Italian friendship, the building of the Berlin-Rome Axis, was one of the prime causes that made it necessary for Britain to rearm at all.

I could wish too that while he was about it, Sir Arthur had spoken of the catastrophe inherent in the break-up of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. We are apt to speak of the crime of Versailles. Yet with all the devastating pitfalls of that document—pitfalls which the American Delegation in Paris in 1919 fought its hardest to prevent—I doubt whether the Treaty of Versailles, the clauses of which provided ready means for constant amendment by the signatory Powers, had in it the possibility for evil consequences contained in the Treaty of St. Germain, and in the ensuing lesser treaties that confirmed finally and irrevocably the break-up of Austria-Hungary.

For generations, there had been in Central Europe that great and prosperous region of free trade, one part, the ancient Hungary, teeming with agriculture; other parts, Austria and Bohemia, alive with varied industry; all with peaceful commercial relations with Germany, contributing a vast impetus to Central European prosperity and growth. Vienna was the great entrepot, the center of all activities, an ancient city renowned for its progress in medicine, in music and the arts. The Allied victory brought a wild release of emotions among the various racial elements of the Empire, and, under the several treaties, all this normally prosperous region was snipped into little pieces, the remaining Austria being only a vestige of the old Empire, its glories gone, desolation and despair reigning in its doorways. Slices of Hungary were lopped off and tossed unceremoniously to Rumania and the new Yugo-Slavia, both ill-adapted to assimilate their slices and both turning friendship with Hungary into enmity. On top of it all, separate tariff walls set up, separate armies, air-forces, and all the expensive and burdensome paraphernalia that go with modern-day armament, plus the intensest and most dangerous kind of nationalism.

The commercial break-up had perhaps the worst direct results. Almost everything followed in its train. It was, for example, as if some giant hand had reached over our Atlantic seaboard states and scrunched them apart into the original thirteen colonies; and as if New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and all the others had become at the worst actual enemy states and at the best bitter commercial antagonists, all separated each from the other by high and devastating tariff walls.

Thus I wonder a little why the author, in his sweeping historical chap-

(Continued on page 13)

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Two Countries Shot under Him

NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD. By Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 367 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN GUNTHER

VINCENT SHEEAN is the father of us all. His "Personal History," published four or five years ago, was the first in the modern cycle of newspaper autobiographies, and is still, I think, the best. Now, after several years during which he devoted himself to fiction, Mr. Sheean returns to politics and autobiography. His "Not Peace but a Sword" is a kind of appendix—and a very worthy one—to "Personal History." Mr. Sheean skips ten years, and carries on with the story of his life and work from March, 1938 to March, 1939.

Mr. Sheean's qualities are very considerable indeed. First, he writes sound and at times beautiful prose; he commits no treason against something he loves deeply, the English language. He is a writer with style; he is that rare thing nowadays, a *close* writer. You cannot skip an inch. Second, he has muscles in his head. He thinks. I heard it said recently that the trouble with most journalism is that it is written "from the top of the mind." This is not true of journalism by Vincent Sheean. He digs down; and he brings up something. Third, he is an accomplished master of irony, a quality unusual in contemporary writing. I am not saying that he writes with lack of feeling or emotion. On the contrary. "Not Peace but a Sword" is an extremely moving book. But Mr. Sheean did not imbibe the subtle, gentle acid of Bloomsbury in vain. His irony is like that of Lytton Strachey.

For instance, the following passages, all taken from the first chapter, which is a subdued but merciless dissection of the British mind, in the form of a description of a ride on the Number 13 London bus from Maida Vale to London Bridge. The itinerary gives Mr. Sheean opportunity to comment compactly on such varied phenomena as the British Broadcasting Company, Lord Nelson, the Foreign Office, the mind of the ruling class, and so on.

> The club would not be possible, I suppose, without the university; it is the university which trains Englishmen of the upper classes to believe that they must shelter themselves from their womenfolk in order to read a newspaper.

Or,

> The transaction between the *Times* and the mind of the British upper class is so continuous, intimate, and hereditary that it is almost impossible to tell, under ordinary circumstances, which originates and which replies in the flow of communication between them.

But I am not sure that even Lytton Strachey could have written the passage where Mr. Sheean, at Oxford Street, wants to ask a white-haired lady, "Madame, do you know anything about the Ebro?" Probably, he says, she would call the police, if he did dare ask this seemingly innocent question. She might, however, reply, and admit that she knew the Ebro to be a river in Spain. Sheean proceeds:

> If I told her it was a river flowing down Oxford Street she would be sure I was a lunatic.

"Not Peace but a Sword" begins with England, proceeds to Spain, deals briefly with Austria and the refugee conference at Evian, returns to Spain, and concludes in Czechoslovakia and Spain again. Mr. Sheean had two countries, like horses, shot under him. He saw the murder of two democracies. He said in "Personal History" that he would never write for a newspaper again; he recovered from this cyrenaicism, and his descriptions of the disintegration of Europe were courageous journalism. It is good to have them in this more permanent form. The chapter I liked best, after the really miraculous "Thirteen Bus," is the elegy to Jim Lardner, who was the last volunteer to enter the International Brigade in Spain, and who was killed just before that remarkable force was demobilized. There are, also, extraordinarily vivid descriptions of the mounting tension in Czechoslovakia during Mr. Chamberlain's pourparlers with Herr Hitler, and of the retreat from Barcelona after its capture by Franco early in 1939.

Mr. Sheean has never been content merely to describe a story; he is always a vigorous partisan. The old tradition of American foreign correspondence, that the reporter was merely a kind of eye, horrifies him. Passive *reportage* has never been enough for Sheean; always he has taken sides, and sometimes he has been perplexed by divided loyalties. But there is no division of mind in this book. It is all on one note, and the note resounds with passion—hatred of predatory fascism.

Readers of "Personal History" will recall the dubiety and anguish of mind of the last passages. Mr. Sheean, still, did not know exactly where he stood. This conflict is now resolved. Like Hemingway, Sheean has had to give up the cultivation of the beautiful, he has had to give up the life of the pure artist, because in times like these pure art is not important enough. He has had to plunge once more into active participation in his world. In "Personal History," too, Mr. Sheean had not finally come to terms with his political nature. That conflict is also resolved in the present book. The last sentence is,

> Upon the will and instinct of the proletariat reposes such hope as we are justified in retaining for the future progress of humanity through and beyond the conflict which now divides the world.

"Not Peace but a Sword" is very much a book of contemporary urgencies. It should be widely read, because people everywhere will appreciate that the author's problem is their problem, the relation of their individual lives to the extraordinarily complex and savage world of history about them. It is a distinguished sequel to "Personal History."

"He saw the murder of two democracies" . . . (From the jacket of "Not Peace But a Sword.")

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The Protestant Kid

I KNOCK AT THE DOOR. By Sean O'Casey. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 269 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

ONE of the best chapters in this book is, I think, the only one which has previously appeared in this country—at least, it is certainly the only one which it was my editorial pleasure to accept for the *American Spectator* — "The Protestant Kid Thinks of the Reformation." The title and tone of this chapter, the manner of writing, are the quintessence of Sean O'Casey's account of the first twelve years of his life in Dublin, in the slums of Dublin, where a Protestant kid is something of an anomaly as the author demonstrates. His text is Matthew VII. 7: "Ask, and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." I am afraid he quotes the Scriptures with ironical intent, for the concluding lines of his narrative are: "Well, he'd learned poethry and had kissed a girl. If he hadn' gone to school, he'd met scholars; if hadn' gone into the house, he had knocked at the door."

Pinchot

Sean O'Casey

As its limitation of age indicates, the book ceases at a point earlier than most of the Dublin chroniclers of late have chosen for their beginning. It is the story of a delicate boy, brought up in honest poverty, with a devoted mother and a horrible eye disease of whose pain he spares us nothing. Attendance at school, in the circumstances, is difficult and intermittent, so we see the future author of "Juno and the Paycock" as a recalcitrant backward schoolboy, tortured by pain, consoled only by his mother and by his own constant daydreaming. His clergyman is so bad as to be a caricature, likewise the schoolmaster. Here O'Casey's bitterness sweeps away his judgment as an artist. Even if literally true, and allowing for his deep-seated skepticism and contempt for the two institutions personified by the parson and the teacher, his portraits are too unrelievedly malignant to carry conviction.

Whenever he is recalling actual scenes, events, and situations, as seen through the eyes of an observant, introspective, timid child, his touch is sure. His description of the illuminations and the rioting at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, of a review of the troops in the Phoenix Park, are vivid and true, although the latter, like some others, seems to me to be all the weaker for its Joycean touches. It will be a nice task for someone to estimate the infinite harm which Joyce's echolalia-stream-of-consciousness technique has done to first-rate realistic writers, such as the author of "Dubliners" and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" was until Expressionism doomed him to be forever a cult writer. It will be recalled that it was O'Casey's Expressionistic "Silver Tassie" that produced his fight with the Abbey Theatre equaled only by the Abbey's fight on O'Casey's behalf against the intolerance of the Dublin mob.

There is plenty of re-Joycing, or call it what you will, in the course of this book. When it reads like authentic O'Casey, one asks for more. The marvelous picture, for example, of the forlorn Jewish glazier, his huge weight of panes of glass on his back, mocked and rebuffed as he plods around, crying "vindys to mend"—an almost forgotten figure in the Dublin of one's childhood, although it might be thought that, by this time, every stick and stone in the place had been ticketed. There is also the description of his father's funeral, an essential part of the unforgettable, understressed portrait of his mother, whom O'Casey shows in the frontispiece, presumably holding the infant Sean. Here the note which makes O'Casey unforgettable comes out in the half-mocking, tender quotation: "The relics of oul' decency, the dhress me mother wore." It is a subtle introduction to the character limned in the first chapters of the book.

If these first twelve years had been covered in a few chapters and the autobiography had been brought up to the time of the Easter Insurrection, that would have made a stronger first volume of a work which, as it is, promises to be one of the richest of its kind.

Ernest Boyd, a native of Dublin, is the author of numerous critical works, including "Studies in Ten Literatures."

A Historical Essay in Crime Detection

THE DUBIOUS TALE OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE. By V. D. Chamier. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1939. 294 *pp., with index.* $4.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

HISTORIANS, biographers, and novelists have offered many solutions of the famous puzzle of the diamond necklace, that fantastic *cause célèbre* which anticipated and foreshadowed the French Revolution. The out-and-out Jacobins have found one explanation satisfactory; the idolators of Marie Antoinette have approved another; and such novelists as Dumas have developed fables that turn the affair's most involved episodes into dramatic capital. The interpreters all disagree, of course. How can they do otherwise, when there exists such a mass of contradictory evidence and when partisanship, both romantic and ideologic, loves to support a delightfully intricate thesis? Even the most scholarly of historians, unable to reconcile quite satisfactorily all the divergent points, usually court safety by denying the authenticity of evidence which does not comfortably conform to their vision. In spite of book after book and pamphlet after pamphlet, the mystery has not yet been solved. Or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that books and pamphlets have set forth so many solutions that the truth is even more obscure today than it was to the Paris of Louis XVI. Probably there never will be a really solid, unanswerable, and unarguable solution—which is a very pleasant state of affairs for a sleuth like Mr. Chamier.

He is like the Hercule Poirot of Mrs. Christie's tales. He brings together all the pertinent facts, whether fish, flesh, or good red herring. These he pores over until the little grey cells have sorted them out and put them each into its proper category, and then he provides an *éclaircissement* just like the last chapter of "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" or "Death in the Air." No one, not even the most cruel of reviewers, would dream of giving him away. The reader would resent

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such gross injustice, for this book is an exercise in deductive logic and not primarily history. It simply employs what history has so munificently provided, and applies to history's plot the dissective method fashionable in detective stories. You can, of course, take it as authoritative exposition of a historical problem, if it seems to you to vanquish all the difficulties, but its author is far too wise to claim for it any such importance. He has frankly enjoyed exercising his own ingenuity, and presents the results of his cleverness as a possible but not necessarily an exact explanation of what really happened.

A Literary Friendship

LETTERS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT TO B. R. HAYDON. Edited by Martha Hale Shackford. New York: Oxford University Press. 1939. 78 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by JEANNETTE MARKS

TO get possession of letters we have written and to destroy some of them is a wish most of us harbor from time to time—a wish seldom achieved. When Haydon the painter committed suicide, Elizabeth Barrett wrote to Robert Browning:

> I want to get back my letters too as soon as I can do it without disturbing anyone's peace. What is in those letters, I cannot tell, so impulsively and foolishly, sometimes, I am apt to write. . . .

In her "Letters from Elizabeth Barrett to B. R. Haydon," Miss Shackford has written in a note:

> It is possible that some letters were destroyed, as wholes or in part, by her own hand, after they were recovered.

What did she destroy and why? An answer to that question would contribute towards an interpretation of Elizabeth Barrett.

In these letters, now in the possession of Wellesley College, are found recorded, as in Sir Frederic Kenyon's and the John Murray editions of her letters, the same type of half-"intimate" literary friendship with someone she had never met; here are the sympathy and the wisdom she was to show again and again in relationships whether personal or impersonal; here is loyalty to women, but not unaccompanied by the characteristic waspish thrust at women; here are loving, whimsical tenderness for Flush, agility of wit, interest in public questions; an astute, even shrewd appraisal of the world's way; subtle demand for sympathy and subtle self-defense; and a half-modest, half-humorous perception of herself. In connection with this last point these letters contain this matchless bit of self-description:

> —I am "little and black" like Sappho, en attendant the immortality—five feet one high; as the latitude, straight to correspond—eyes of various colours as the sun shines—called blue and black, without being accidentally black and blue—affidavit-ed for grey. . . . Not much nose of any kind; certes no superfluity of nose; but to make up for it, a mouth suitable to a larger personality—oh, and a very very little voice, to which Cordelia's was a happy medium. Dark hair and complexion. Small face and sundries.

There is nothing in the letters wholly new, yet the book and Miss Shackford's fine editing of it definitely expand the knowledge of E. B. B. and in particular on what might be called the "moot point" of her friendship with Benjamin Haydon. The figure of the young Elizabeth has been so surrounded with romance, sentimentality, even worship, that a definitive interpretation has become almost impossible. But towards the accomplishment of the impossible Miss Shackford has added an important short book.

Jeannette Marks, head of the department of English literature and drama at Mt. Holyoke College, is the author of "The Family of the Barrett."

Concord Comes to Life

LISTEN FOR THE VOICES. A Novel of Concord. By Anne Colver. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 387 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MISS COLVER'S novel of Concord, Massachusetts, about 1850, is that rare achievement, a fiction in which historical characters move with freedom and naturalness. Her Emerson is the human, often tender, Emerson of the recently-published "Letters"; her brusque Thoreau is an eccentric, but no freak, plain-spoken but kind-hearted, much closer to the real man than Louisa Alcott's portrait in her novel, "Moods." Louisa herself is convincing, and so are Mrs. Alcott and the shadowy Hawthorne. Only Bronson himself eludes, as a human being, her skillful pen. Indeed, her real people, who are all incidental to the story, are more successful than the fictitious Concord families who carry the plot. These seem a trifle fabricated, with a moral in view, but this criticism does not apply to the village folk who help in the narrative. The village doctor, the village semptress, old Mrs. Moore who yearned only to live alone, the tight-lipped Hecuba—"help" in the Doctor's household—these are excellent.

From the jacket of "Listen for the Voices."

For there is a plot in this story, a plot concerned with the jealousy of one domineering woman and the pride of another equally domineering but in a different way. It is wound about the career of Mary Olive, girl friend of the Alcott children, but soon winds itself elsewhere and is pleasantly lost. Miss Colver is interested in people. She is keenly aware of the two Concords, always in conflict, the Concord of the idealists and the Concord of hard Yankees offended by the reformers and the Transcendentalists and the intellectuals, who could talk so much better than they could make money. And she sees, what Emerson never saw, though Thoreau guessed it, that this constant urge to be better and wiser and more cultured could ruin a family—as it ruined the Shipmans—quite as thoroughly as the material selfishness of Mrs. Conrad, who tried to possess her children body and soul. Out of these conflicting conclusions she makes her story.

"Listen for the Voices" seems both more and less than a novel, an impression which the abundance of well-chosen quotations from Emerson, Thoreau, and contemporary newspapers makes stronger. But it is a good book, of good character stories, in which, as befits Concord, moral psychology is always the point, no matter how humorous or tragic the telling. Without any blowing of historical trumpets and beating of literary drums, the town of Concord in its great period comes to life in it, and comes to life as the small town, rural-minded, that it was, in which, nevertheless, the hard New England will and the compulsive New England virtue made character, and so comedy and tragedy. That historical figures could be seen, like wood gods, escaping from the too human loves and hates of the community, gives to this book an original distinction. It has flavor, value, and interest.

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The Saturday Review
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Cheap Books

THE ubiquitous William Saroyan had a silly piece in a recent issue of *The New Republic* accusing the editors of periodicals which review books of entering into a conspiracy to ignore the publications of Modern Age. (Modern Age has for the last two years been publishing new books in paper covers at twenty-five to ninety-five cents, and reprints at twenty-five to fifty cents.) Mr. Saroyan, who now has a couple of his own books on the Modern Age list, says that Modern Age books "were ignored by the majority of newspapers and periodicals which make a pretense of keeping their readers informed regarding new books, and which were founded specifically to review new books."

"The ignoring," according to the author of "Peace, It's Wonderful", "was done by those very individuals and powers which have been moaning so much about the possibility of our losing something precious in this country: free assembly, freedom of speech, civil rights, and so on. They apparently will not hail, or even quietly be pleased about the appearance of a great and good thing—apparently only for one reason: that they are afraid it will cut in, in some fashion, on their own affairs . . . I know there is deliberate dirty work going on somewhere. . . ."

Mr. Saroyan is leading with his chin. A careful writer would have investigated his facts before making an accusation in which the word "apparently" had to be used twice; good editing would have demanded a check-up with the facts before the piece was printed. *The Saturday Review*, for instance, has reviewed twenty-five Modern Age books (new publications, not reprints) in two years. *The Saturday Review* does not review reprints, but did devote two columns to "A Passage to India" when Modern Age issued it at twenty-five cents. We should be glad to see any statistics (not theories) as to the treatment of Modern Age books in other periodicals. And we should like to hear just what interests any newspaper or magazine might have upon which Modern Age could conceivably "cut in." The Modern Age catalogue quotes blurbs—not on individual books, but on the entire list—from the Portland, Oregon, *Journal*, from President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford, from the *Knoxville News-Sentinel*, the *San Diego Union*, *Newsweek*, the Portland, Maine, *News*, the *Junior League Magazine*, the *American Teacher*, the *New Haven Register*, *Story Magazine*, the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the *Philadelphia Record*, the *Chicago Daily News*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *New York Times* (daily), the *New York Times Book Review*, and the *Boston Transcript*. Hardly a conspiracy of silence.

As is so often the case, Mr. Saroyan was writing nonsense. The reason why it is worth discussing at all is his assumption—naive but not unique—that there is a capitalistic conspiracy against the pioneer who tries to give the public what it wants at low prices. Ironically, his piece was published just at the time when all "newspapers and periodicals which make a pretense of keeping their readers informed regarding new books" were devoting considerable space to highly favorable comment on the new series of twenty-five cent Pocket Books. It is interesting to note that the comment on Pocket Books is not in the form of reviews, and as a matter of fact the early success of Pocket Books indicates that reviews have nothing to do with the matter.

There are various reasons for this early success: a well-selected list (made up on the basis of careful pre-publication canvassing of reading tastes, through extensive mailings to lists of known readers); attractiveness of physical production; good merchandising; and most of all, the fact that the books are not new, unknown quantities which have to be sold, but reprints of titles so well known as to sell themselves.

This last point is paramount in view of previous experiments in the low-priced book field. Several other ventures, such as the Boni Paper Books of ten or twelve years ago, and the attempt of several publishers in 1930 to issue new novels at a dollar, were abandoned because of lack of public support. Since then, Modern Age has made the only serious attempt to sell new books at low prices (and, incidentally, none of the remarks herein directed at William Saroyan should be construed as applying to Modern Age, to whom we wish every success). All these ventures lead to the conclusion that price is not the determining factor in selling new books; that cheapness is not a sufficient inducement alone to counterbalance the unfamiliarity of an untried, unknown product.

Another point which is seldom mentioned in discussions of book prices, but which is important, is the fact that there are always many ways to read a book without buying it. Public libraries and rental libraries provide books for nothing or for a few cents; one copy may be read by fifty readers, but the publisher and author are paid only once. Unquestionably this influence tends to keep the price of new books at its present level. The Pocket Book reprints are priced low enough to compete not only with popular magazines, but with book rentals. This, plus the fact that they are reprints of popular titles, gives them their excellent chance of success.

The Persecuted

BY MARGARET OSBORN

THIS is the circle and wheel of the dark,
The arc of sadness oh God,
Have mercy on spirits that bend,
That despair in the arm of the dark.
These are the merciless trends, the groan of pain
The break of the sinew, the nerves long enduring defeat,
The hearts trial.

These are the ghosts and denied,
Of the powerful all cruising flesh,
The shadow bound to the mind,
The sufferance bound to the will,
While the strong heel treads the earth,
And the trumpet voice loosens its cry
This is the stone of enduring,
The sad woven strand of death.

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Letters to the Editor: *Frank Norris at College; Mr. Garland on Psychic Research*

LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LIBRARY SUDBURY ONTARIO

"Did you know that a lot of your first editions didn't even have the leaves cut? I've been busy as a bee all day."

Easterners and California

SIR:—Please tell Mr. Alfred Kazin, whose brilliant reviews I have long admired and whose remarks about Frank Norris, David Graham Phillips, and Robert Herrick in your issue of July 8 are shrewd and to the point, that Norris was *not* educated at the University of Southern California, which is in Los Angeles, but at the University of California in Berkeley. Merely from the geographical viewpoint, there is a difference of something like 450 miles between the two. Mr. Kazin, on a straight hill-and-valley basis, might as well confuse Columbia University with the University of South Carolina at Columbia, S. C.; the distance is about the same. Mind you, I'm not playing the stuffy Native Son; I was born and brought up in New Jersey (well out of Mayor Hague's area), and I have no local-pride sensitiveness in the matter. But the fact should be noted for the sake of the record.

While we're at it, though, why do you suppose New Yorkers so frequently fall into this error? They do. I could quote chapter and verse if it were worth the space to prove the point. Is there something Freudian about it, do you think? Or does the New Yorker, with the naiveté of the Steinbeck "Okie," simply accept the oranges-and-snow advertisements of Southern California as his idea of Heaven on earth? Perhaps it's really Hollywood at the bottom of it all. It would be interesting to know if the sophisticated New Yorker really does think of California exclusively in terms of the silver screen. Maybe, of course, it's the U.S.C. "drum-majorettes" that have made the impression. You'd think Poughkeepsie would teach 'em.

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON.

San Francisco, Cal.

"Mystery of the Buried Crosses"

SIR:—Mr. Davenport's very kindly and thoughtful review of my "Mystery of the Buried Crosses" has just reached me in my California home, and while I agree with his general criticism, I feel that he missed the full significance of the artifacts. In the beginning I said, "If they can be validated, they will not only indicate a very ancient migration of people from the south, but they will bear directly on the problem of continuing personality after death. If a voice from an invisible personality, say a Huachi Indian, can direct me where to find an amulet which he buried on a hill-top as a sacrifice to his gods centuries ago, he will demonstrate his continued existence and his memory." In this spirit I explored.

I do not say that I succeeded in validating these artifacts, but my experiences are similar to those which Bligh Bond reports; as an architect he was directed by a long-buried monk where the hidden foundations of Glastonbury Abbey could be unearthed. When I considered the vastness of the field covered, seven hundred miles long and three hundred broad, and that these artifacts were not found in caches or caves, the task of finding any myself seemed impossible and yet, led by the voices of those invisibles, I did find sixteen crosses in twelve different places from sixty to three hundred miles apart.

I am pleased to have Mr. Davenport concede the sincerity of the psychic who withstood every test, but I nowhere stated my belief that the *content* of her voice was wholly separated from her subconscious mind. I left the solution of the entire problem to my readers. To be quite fair, Mr. Davenport should have quoted the conversation with Donn Byrne, who not only spoke with a delightful Irish brogue but addressed a few lines of Gaelic to Stewart Edward White.

I have been officially concerned with psychic research for more than forty-seven years. "The Mystery of the Buried Crosses" does not stand alone, it follows close upon my volume "Forty Years of Psychic Research."

HAMLIN GARLAND.

Hollywood, Cal.

Attention Judge Lynch

SIR:—This week I have been reading concurrently F. L. Green's "On the Night of the Fire" and Spencer Bayne's "Murder Recalls Van Kill." Both novels are in their kind of the very first flight. In their realism they will seem to the criminologist as refreshingly far from the greeting-card puzzler as they are removed from the Victorian family album sentimentality of certain recently popular romances about murder.

I want to thank Judge Lynch for leading me to both books. But I should like to set him right on a point of fact which may interest your readers. He gives the locale of the Bayne book as New York (presumably State). Locale isn't specified in the novel, but there are hints about Chicago, and Sheriff O'Conner speaks pure Middle West.

MARY F. CLARK.

Chicago, Ill.

Beerbohm and Cotton

SIR:—A recent Trade Wind wafts the name of the great Max Beerbohm, which inevitably turns my thoughts to our own great caricaturist, Will Cotton. Maybe you can tell me why he has never attained his rightful place among the mighty in the field of literary cartooning. A far better artist than Max, with a wit that is equally stylish and literate. Is his appreciative public confined to Crosby Gaige, the editors of *The New Yorker*, and myself?

I first ran across his work many years ago when that Jack-of-all-Pots

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Education or Chaos

SOCIETY IN TRANSITION. By Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1939. 999 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by RAYMOND V. BOWERS

THE rapidity with which social problems are coming to dominate the thinking of Western peoples places a heavy burden on social scientists. As scientists, they know that the adequate solution of these problems depends upon well tested theory, yet their theory is in its formative stages. As citizens, they see the handling of these problems entrusted to or preëmpted by less cautious and less informed people. Under such circumstances many are electing to provide the classroom and the public with the best materials available synthesized in as meaningful a way as possible. Dr. Barnes is one of these. He believes that the crisis in our civilization is coming so quickly (ten years or so), and that the alternatives are so staggering (utopia or barbarism), that this is no time for "pussyfooting and evasion." Hence he takes this opportunity to muster his versatility as historian, sociologist, semi-popular writer, and newspaper editorialist to write a "realistic" book on social problems in conformity with his belief (or hope) that through education we may yet avoid "the wastes of revolution and violence."

His realism revolves around the thesis that "no matter with what particular social problem we deal — whether it be one of economics, politics, health, or crime—we almost always find it is only a secondary manifestation of the great discrepancy between our mechanical progress and our social development"; and this discrepancy is caused by the impact of a fast-moving and uncontrolled industrial and finance capitalism on eighteenth and nineteenth century civilization. Hence the book logically opens with a survey of modern society since 1750, followed by a good section on the Physical and Economic Basis of our Social Problems. Each of the remaining fifteen chapters (crime, immigration, sex, poverty, mental disease, etc.) is related by the author to this central thesis and these basic materials, and is filled with highly useful summaries of current facts and practices and possible future reforms. For example, the chapter on sex opens with an historical section tracing our rigorous sex mores and their identification with morality to middle-class compensation for the buccaneering practices of the capitalist economy. This is followed by a survey of the biology and psychology of sex, and by a vigorous call for more attention to sex education and for the construction of a rational system of ethics based on natural and social science (which would make "wrecking a railroad system through stock manipulation a far more serious crime than violating the Mann Act on the Twentieth Century Limited"). Barnes has at his command a wide range of sources for every chapter, and he uses them effectively. His general conclusion is that we are paying much too high a price for the pathologies generated by our private capitalism, and his suggested reforms are more sweeping than and considerably left of the New Deal.

Our chief criticism is that the author too frequently oversimplifies or allows his vigorous style to sacrifice necessary "probablies" to the cause of social action. Race prejudice is based on much more than "the spontaneous and elemental reaction of fear or hostility" provoked in us by contact with the unfamiliar. Organized crime involves more than the diffusion of the "something for nothing" or "only saps work" complex of finance capitalism to the urban masses, plus the coming of prohibition, which provided them the opportunity to put this complex into practice. Furthermore, in impressing the reader with the incidence and cost of our pathologies, the author occasionally is unjustifiably startling. That forty-five per cent of the American people are feebleminded (super morons or lower in intelligence), that "over eighty per cent of American families were poverty-stricken at the close of the World War," and that the "number of divorces, at the present rate of increase, will equal the number of marriages within a generation or two," are not unchallengeable facts. These dissents are, however, of more academic than practical moment. In any case, the book deserves more widespread reading than it will probably get.

Dr. Barnes believes than an American variety of fascism (a system of vigilantism whose gospel will be the Mohawk Valley plan) may succeed the New Deal unless we pursue the Middle Way vigorously and honestly. If such is the possibility and if, as he believes, the crisis is just around the corner, education seems a slow horse to back—particularly when its running is not infrequently impeded by the "fixers" and "jockeys" of the "Mohawk Valley stable."

Raymond V. Bowers is a member of the department of sociology of the University of Rochester.

Eric Linklater: "his characters are quite frankly English men and women of today" . . .

Modernized Iscariot

JUDAS. By Eric Linklater. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 243 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THERE are two ways of writing historical novels. The first, and more usual, is to attempt to reproduce the actual customs and costumes, speech and ideas, of some past period as it would have appeared to one living at the time. The second is to abandon all attempt at historical verisimilitude of details, boldly reinterpret the past in the light of the present, and attempt to show how men at all times have met the same problems in much the same way. One stresses the differences between past and present, the other their likenesses. The former is the method of Scott and Flaubert, the latter that of Anatole France and Bernard Shaw. Each is equally legitimate, provided it establishes a consistent and convincing pattern.

Eric Linklater is a highly sophisticated modern, who in "Judas" has set himself the fanciful task of presenting the last week in the life of Jesus of Nazareth as if it were a series of contemporary events. His characters are quite frankly English men and women of today, representing both the ruling class and the masses and all regarded with a slightly satirical eye. They speak the lingo of the moment — "It's the system that's wrong, not the poor bastards that work it"—"There may be a bit of a row"—"They were rather awful, though they didn't mean to be"—"It's a wonderful age we are living in because events are moving so fast." Jesus, who is kept discreetly in the background, is nevertheless clearly a proletarian leader; his followers talk

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about the "international plutocrats" and the "solidarity" of the poor; their entrance into Jerusalem is depicted as that of a kind of Coxey's army; and the machinations of the Sanhedrin group who defeat the threatened insurrection are those of any contemporary chamber of commerce frightened by a general strike.

Judas, the central character, whose movements throughout the eventful week supply the main thread of narrative, is a modern liberal capitalist presented in the guise of a wealthy Sadducee who has joined the disciples through vague humanitarian yearnings but is easily terrified by the thought of revolution and an actual redistribution of wealth. He wants only "peace and security," and when these seem to be threatened by the growing radicalism of Jesus, he is prevailed upon to become the tool of the Sanhedrin chamber of commerce. His conduct is supposed to be further motivated by a very unconvincing bit of Freudian psychology connected with Mary Magdalene, but aside from this lapse the character is well-drawn, as are those of Annas, Caiaphas, and a number of others.

The capitalist-proletarian theme of the book is useful as stressing that revolutionary element in early Christianity which is most often forgotten, but of course the linkage of past and present is drawn much tighter than sober history would permit. The overly pious, the pedant, and even the scholar, may be offended by Mr. Linklater's free and easy treatment; his book is not history and is not meant to be; but if taken for what it is—a lively adventure in social psychology on the margin between fact and fancy—it will be found well worth the reading.

Ernest Sutherland Bates is the editor of "The Bible Designed to Be Read as Living Literature."

Napoleon on the Make

ROAD TO EMPIRE: The Life and Times of Bonaparte the General. By Fletcher Pratt. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 346 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

PERHAPS it is no accident that we should be paying increasing attention to the period of the Directory in France. The nineteenth century was so sure of the doctrines of Evolution and Progress that it rather tended to neglect any inconvenient interludes in the onward and upward March of Humanity. We have nowadays a very articulate fear that we ourselves may be in the midst of some sort of downward movement, and naturally enough hope to find comfort and assurance in the knowledge that men have been through these things before. Not that Mr. Pratt seems to have set about writing this excellent book with any such innocent intent of comforming to a spirit of the age. He has gone about his work as a good historian should, anxious to tell a story well, clearly, and without lying. But the fact remains that his story of troubled times, of inflation, staggering public debts, nascent dictatorships, and the beginnings of the first (or second) World War can bring consolation to all but the hopelessly tender-minded among us.

Mr. Pratt's book is almost a history of France from 1795 to 1799. It is not, however, deceivingly titled. The young and rising Bonaparte is its main concern, the soldier Bonaparte who gradually got drawn into politics. There is little concern with the Bonaparte who obsessed Masson and other French historians into the minutest study of a private life any mortal has ever been subjected to. Mr. Pratt is too good an artist not to know he is dealing with a man; but he is not to be drawn off his main theme into psychological meanderings and purely biographical detail. He is interested in military history, and with the aid of excellent sketch maps succeeds admirably in making clear and vivid to the layman the famous Italian campaign of 1796-1797 as well as (a very hard job, this) the parallel campaigns of Jourdan, Moreau, and the Archduke Charles in the Germanies. He is also, as a good modern, interested in the finances of war and diplomacy, and he manages to make as much sense as such matters ever make out of the elaborate dealings of the Directory with financiers, contractors, diplomatists, and army commissioners.

This is one of the best books in the field in recent years. In fact, if you supplement it with the dull and accurate academic French of the late Raymond Guyot in the series entitled "Peuples et Civilisations" (unfortunately not available in English), you will have a very satisfactory account of five neglected and important years in French and world history. Mr. Pratt writes well—consciously well, but well. He has mastered an amazingly complicated literature, though his book deliberately goes without the ordinary apparatus of learning, footnotes, bibliography, and the like. In a world where history is written either by academic professionals or non-academic amateurs, Mr. Pratt must be classed as an amateur. But the pros, who love to dig their claws into amateur flesh, will find Mr. Pratt well armored.

Influenced possibly by the technique of Mr. Dos Passos with the "Camera Eye," Mr. Pratt has inserted in his regular chapters of systematic narration and analysis detailed accounts from the sources, which he calls "Wrong End of the Telescope"—bits from contemporary newspapers, often amusingly wrong—and "Worm's-Eye View"—details as seen by actual eyewitnesses, and taken mostly from memoirs. Mr. Pratt's intention here seems better than his execution. Unless these flashbacks into another scale of time and distance are very rewarding indeed, they seem to halt the main narrative and disturb the reader unwarrantably. Whether or not this particular innovation is judged a success, Mr. Pratt deserves the thanks of historians for attempting it. History has too long been out of touch with other forms of story-telling. It can stand a little cross-fertilization, even from the novel.

Drawing by Howard Williamson, from "Road to Empire."

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Writing in the Far West

SAN FRANCISCO'S LITERARY FRONTIER. By Franklin Walker. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 400 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

IF we can believe Mr. Walker, the literary beginnings of the Far West were journalistic rather than creative in character. There is hardly one of the characters mentioned by him who did not edge into literature on the reporting side. Most of them, I should say, had no initial urge to become literary artists. But they were living through stirring times in a picturesque background. With ordinary powers of observation and a facility to put words together, they found that writing descriptive columns in the newspaper was as good a means of livelihood as any other. A success in this field gave them an outlet to something more permanent in the way of expression, and so they became in due time accredited creative artists with a following.

One knows from the meager lives they led that writing must have been a natural gift with, say, the Brontë sisters. But we wonder after reading "San Francisco's Literary Frontier" how many of the literary top-notchers of the Gold Rush were the product of the circumstances which surrounded them. It is the old story of the crisis shaping the man.

The changing fashion in literary expression is nowhere more apparent than in the excerpts from some of the newspapers of the fifties and sixties. The humor of the seasoned Mark Twain in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" is timeless and, therefore, touched with a classical quality, but the humor of the contributor to *Golden Era* columns is plainly dated. We could no more laugh at this brand of fooling today than we can roll in the aisles at Weber and Field's Dutch comedian vagaries.

What passed for poetry is likewise pretty appalling. The most pretentious newspaper verses of today are gems of technique and point by comparison. The pressure of a World War never produced anything as bad as this stanza by Bret Harte, written for a July celebration on July 4, 1863, and read by the Rev. Thomas Starr King:

> Far better the tempest than yon lurid glow
> That lights while it mocks, the deep gloom of the sky—
> Far better the lightning that smites with one blow,
> Than the Copperhead's crest uplifted on high!

Mr. Walker assures us that the poem continued "many a stanza in this vein," and we can only wonder how the crowd held out.

Yet this doggerel was written by one of the leading artists of his day—in another field of literary endeavor, perhaps, but can we imagine Mr. Steinbeck indulging in any such an exhibition of putrid verse and still more putrid point of view?

Or this from William H. Rhodes, a graduate of Princeton and Harvard. He was a lawyer who took up writing as an avocation. "Under the name of Caxton," writes Mr. Walker, "he wrote many poems, urbane, correct, but uninspired." Mr. Walker proves his point with this selection:

> O sacred spirit of Masonic love!
> Offspring of heaven, the angels' bond above.

There are better instances, of course, but the worst ones are good weapons to have at hand, when anybody prates about the "golden days of literature."

Mr. Walker's book is valuable as a critique of the times and for the life histories in miniature of such figures as Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, and Joaquin Miller. And even the lives of the lesser breeds throw light upon their literary coming of age.

It also debunks them—not too bad a result in these skeptical times. It is a book for any literary shelf that boasts space for criticism.

Charles Caldwell Dobie is a novelist and short story writer. Among his recent books are "San Francisco—a Pageant" and "San Francisco Tales."

Industrial Town

SONS WITHOUT ANGER. By Stanley Young. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by J. P. MARQUAND

MR. STANLEY YOUNG'S first novel is an interesting attempt to show the problems of the members of a wealthy, sheltered, and cultivated family in Connecticut who suddenly lose their money in the chaotic years of the early 30's. It is interesting because Mr. Young's style is arresting and because his insight into character and motive is frequently mature and surprising. It is an attempt, because the whole ends by being unconvincing.

Stanley Young

Mr. Young has set himself the task of reconciling a number of difficult coincidences. It is hard to believe, for instance, that an effective business man like old Mr. Darrow, the head of the family, who has run a hat factory successfully and who has accumulated a fortune, should stake his house, factory, and government bonds on a gamble in the stock market. If one accepts this, then it is difficult to understand how a conservative like Mr. Darrow should have become involved with a peculiar racketeer like Mr. Goldini, who finally takes over the Darrow house and the Darrow factory. It is hard also to see exactly why Mr. Goldini keeps all the Darrows on and pays their bills or why the Darrows, even if they are weak and enervated aristocrats, should consent to such an impossible humiliation. In other words, Mr. Young's novel needs a good deal of explaining to give it the necessary illusion of reality, and his explanations are never wholly satisfactory.

Consequently his characters start their careers against a background of improbability which handicaps Mr. Young's best efforts, and his troubles increase when many of them develop traits that make the whole Darrow family a group whose problems are not the same as the problems of their class. Of the sons only Stephen Darrow possesses powers of adjustment. Young Paul is brilliant and unbalanced, Anthony an unstable drunkard, and Charles a sadist. In fact, they are an unlikely lot of figures to illustrate an author's picture of a changing social scene, since they would all have come to a bad end in any event, and finally they leave the reader detached and cold.

It is remarkable that in spite of its bizarre and shadowy men and women "Sons without Anger" leaves a well-drawn picture of the small industrial town where the Darrows live, and of the bewildering changes of the present where the salt of old life has lost its savor. Mr. Young achieves this because of his exceptional descriptive powers, and because of his sense of perspective and motion. His book has strength and color in spite of its unevenness and unreality, and it shows a promise that makes the writer more interesting than his book.

Mr. Marquand's latest novel is "Wickford Point."

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A House in the Suburbs

LOVE IN OUR TIME. By Norman Collins. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. 287 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THIS is a sad little book, either wistful or desperate, a distinction which will depend entirely upon the reader's prevalent mood. But whichever he finds it, he will undoubtedly recognize its deep, underlying humanity. Of all the characters one might imagine, Gerald and Alice Sneyd are the least dramatic, the least literary, the least adaptable to the larger demands of the novel. Great tragedies cannot be written around them, but little ones can, quiet tales like this one, all in a minor key with little touches of humor that vanish as soon as they have dared to appear and little cries of pain that are stifled almost at once. Restraint, simple language, a clear atmosphere in which everything is revealed exactly as it is, no larger than life, are the materials with which Mr. Collins presents the life of the Sneyds.

(Portrait by Henry Carr)

Norman Collins

They have a small house, in simulated Tudor style, somewhere in the London suburbs. They are not especially bright or talented; they try to entertain their friends according to some vague idea of London jollity, want to have a baby, decide they can't afford one, and have one anyway. Gerald has an old girl he can't quite forget; Alice has an amorphous, submerged mass of romantic ideas about living which keep erupting in words and gestures Gerald can't understand. And so on, in the blurred and haphazard pattern of the little man's life. It is, as I have said, a wistful story, for they do cling to their basic beliefs, about love and honor and responsibilities, as large for them as though they were great figures. And desperate, because they are thrown about as lightly as though they were straws, by the careless fates, death, debt, decay.

Yet it is not as grim as it may seem from the foregoing, because of the way Mr. Collins has written it. The best way to put it is to say that he has distilled it into a soft, simple, and vaguely nostalgic speech until it sounds like an old lyric, sad but pleasant to the ear. It is, in this way, strongly English, in tone and setting, and in the characters, each of whom, to the most minor, is quaintly and lovingly penned in. Mr. Biddle, for example, Alice's father, stands out in full Dickensian panoply, alive and gesturing and British as can be. In another sense, as Mr. Collins correctly remarks, the Sneyds have their counterparts here, to be met with any day in the New York subway. Under their skins the little, struggling, good people just under the surface of society are the same anywhere. This story of the Sneyds should find a large and understanding public here, not only for their own human values, but as well for the considerable style and beauty with which Mr. Collins has written of them.

Salter on Security

(*Continued from page* 4)

ters, failed to take adequate note of the destructive provisions of the Treaty of St. Germain and of what followed in its train. Of course as to these misfortunes, I am not fixing the whole responsibility on the statesmen who drafted the treaty, because the explosion of pent-up nationalistic emotions among the constituent peoples of the old Empire did not leave the treaty-makers much discretion in their task. We properly have unmeasured condemnation for the recent methods of force, but certainly we cannot deny that we shall never see stable peace reign in Central and Southeastern Europe until, through some means, the scores of millions of peoples in that whole region are permitted once more to enjoy in concert untrammeled trade and commercial intercourse.

I have dwelt at some length on the break-up of Austria-Hungary because so little attention has been bestowed upon that vast blunder, for which America must share some degree of responsibility with Britain, France, and Italy. President Wilson's ideal principle of self-determination of nationalities sounds fine on paper, but to work it out in practice is another cup of tea. In the old Austro-Hungarian Empire there were, there had been for centuries, living side by side alien peoples, perhaps not always maintaining close harmony, yet having accomplished a modus vivendi that at least had established Austria-Hungary as one of the great Powers of the world. It was in some ways the successor of the Holy Roman Empire and from the material point of view it embraced a vast region with freedom of trade, and with such political and trade relations with its powerful neighbor in the North that there had been no incentive for Germany to upset the world by attempting to establish political hegemony over this vast and fertile region. The Czechs are a brave people and deserve to enjoy independence. But certainly the manner in which the Powers conferred it upon them in 1919, together with the repeated and further blunders of policy since then, has spelled disaster for them. Their position in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire was much more tolerable.

Well, so much for the crime of St. Germain in relation to the crime of Versailles! And if ever a man had an opportunity in the early twenties to witness the working of some of these events at first hand, it was Arthur Salter, who, in behalf of the League of Nations, devised the financial plans for the rehabilitation of Austria (1923), of Hungary (1924), and in fact in a considerable degree of Germany itself (1924) under the Dawes Plan.—So much, however, for his historical sketch.

I promise not to give so much space to Part III, which in effect is a volume upon Britain's "National Strength." To Britons themselves this section will, perhaps, have even more interest than the formula for retrieving security, towards which the author is all the time working. This third section narrates in great detail the strategy of British rearmament. It goes back to September, 1938, and fights over again, moderately and justly, the Battle of Munich, where the Salter comments are more favorable than otherwise to the British Prime Minister. The section is by far the spiciest in the whole book, because of the word pictures which Sir Arthur, rather adept at this sort of thing, permits himself to draw of various big shots in a former and in the present British Government. It is here that the author "lights into" Mr. Stanley (now Earl) Baldwin, about whose alleged failure to take in hand Britain's situation Salter says: "A recurrent lethargy of the will was his undoing." Many of Mr. Chamberlain's present or recent Ministers come under this sardonic portraiture of Salter's—men like Mr. Hore-Belisha, Lord Swinton ("not readily responsive to suggestions, not quickly adaptable to new conditions"), Sir Kingsley Wood, Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Thomas Inskip, and then, to wind up

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with, several pages on the Prime Minister himself.

It is not so difficult in these days to criticize statesmen on either side of the water. But I am glad that it is an Englishman, rather than an American, who is offering these particular criticisms. The job of running the British Empire is not an easy one. Moreover, as I have said on other occasions, with all the blunders that the British make, with all the blunders that the Anglo-Saxon peoples (including us Americans) constantly make, I certainly prefer to have all these than to have a regimented, beautifully organized, armed cap-à-pie sort of people. We can be happy that there are at least 200,000,000 or even more of the English-speaking races in the world today who still cling to, and will fight for, freedom of speech and liberty of action, free men who will follow the light, even though incompetent and undrilled!

But on the subject of organization for war (treated at length in this section), Sir Arthur is thoroughly at home. He believes that Britain's civil preparation should be undertaken more vigorously. He himself had much experience during the World War in the very field of regimentation which in moderate effect he is now advocating. And he reminds the autarkical countries that, although in 1914 England had seemed to Germany as in a decadence, nevertheless the British people were able to display such an astonishing resiliency as to surprise the world, and are capable today of showing the same vigorous qualities and results. Just how far, however, Salter's countrymen would be able to give themselves over to schemes of Governmental regimentation without losing much of their ancient liberties, and themselves becoming the slaves of the very system which they deplore, Sir Arthur does not make clear. That is the very point about which Captain Anthony Eden, in the course of his American visit last autumn, expressed considerable misgiving.

Finally, then, we come to Salter's magnum opus, the end to which his long volume has been striving—his formula for retrieving security. And let me say at once that the author is under no illusions concerning the difficulty of his plan, nor about the more than possible inefficacy of it.

What Salter wants is for the British Government to draw up the basis of a general European and world settlement (colonies, raw materials, etc.), and then make public such a draft manifesto as the basis of British policy. He declares that his Government could at once acquaint Germany with much in the way of concession, "and still more in the course of time in the framework of a general solution." But again and again he adds: "Nothing can be surrendered under menace and while the arms competition continues." It is in fact to show Germany that Britain has no intention of yielding to threats that (as in previous paragraphs) Sir Arthur has been advocating such vigorous methods of war preparation and even regimentation. For he fully realizes that the only possible way to stop aggression is for Britain to show increasing determination to stop it. It is an axiom to say that the more a nation shows such determination, the less likely will it be called upon to exercise it in actual armed conflict.

For Britain's manifesto (a draft form of which—to make it more concrete—Salter himself submits) would include some statement to dissipate the "encirclement" idea that the German Government seems to be propagandizing so successfully among its people and to show that Britain's and France's new alignments are purely defensive; a repeal of the so-called war-guilt clause in the Versailles Treaty which all Germans have built up into a traditional bogey. A plan for economic appeasement through spheres of trade influence, Germany being apparently granted outright a superior position on a good part of the Continent; a thorough revamping of the system of colonies. Sir Arthur is not proposing outright restoration of the German colonies, but some plan of international control, more inclusive than the present mandates—a plan that in the sphere of trade would insure to all countries equal access to the raw materials and markets furnished by colonies. Salter would meet Germany's foreign exchange difficulties by some extensive system of Governmental barter whereby Germany would be insured a supply of raw materials from colonies at present British- and French-controlled.

As to strategic points that are located in other countries (such as Gibraltar in Spain), Sir Arthur would have these internationalized. He suggests for example that Gibraltar itself be put under the joint control of Great Britain and the United States of America. Perhaps this latter suggestion—even though it be only a suggestion—indicates the degree of unreality that somehow attaches to the Salter plan. Everybody agrees that a plan equitable to all nations must be in the making. But, just as the Panama Canal is the life-line in America's defensive policy and would not be turned over by us to joint control with any foreign Power, so Gibraltar is a life-line to Britain's Far Eastern Empire. And I do not see the British people at the present time any more willing to move towards relinquishing Gibraltar than I see America in any way disposed to accept responsibility in the Mediterranean portion of the globe.

I must in all fairness emphasize again the fact that Sir Arthur Salter shows no signs of taking himself too seriously nor of believing that his plan or manifesto is likely to be the specific. Yet he has his hopes. It is just possible, he says, that there may be something in the Germans to appeal to. He believes that the day before Munich, September 28, 1938, showed the German people to be dreadfully alarmed over the prospect of war and looking upon Chamberlain as an evangel of peace. If only the ideas of the democracies, he adds, "can be embodied in a plan of a general settlement, broadly conceived and clearly announced," etc. . . . and again, "Let us also remember that there is some ground for believing that a magnanimously conceived policy would find a response in the German people of which their rulers would have to take account." Then he concludes this thought by saying: "I believe that we shall be forced to negotiate under conditions and by methods very different from those which we should choose and which were available to us a few years ago; that we shall have to accept some things we should resist if we were collectively more powerful; and that we shall have to proceed painfully and by a very distasteful and dangerous route towards the establishment of a more enduring basis of peace."

It must, too, be said that support for Salter's general plan, although not directly referring to it, is forthcoming from one fairly important quarter, namely from Captain Anthony Eden who, writing for an American journal on June 11th last, declared that "encirclement is a word to conjure with in Germany today," and goes on to explain how dating back to the prewar days that has been a phrase to unify Germany and lead its people to believe that it was, and again may be, fighting a war purely for defence. He goes on to state that a negation of "encirclement" is—just as Salter says—not enough. "We have," Eden declares, "to look further ahead if we are at once to allay the myth and to make our own greatest contribution to peace. . . . The time has come for a definition of our peace aims. . . . They should constitute the charter of the peace powers and serve for them as a fresh interpretation of their aims." And so on.

No American, certainly not myself, is competent to appraise the feasibility of the Salter suggestion, nor the likelihood of its being taken seriously by the British Government. However constructive it may be in

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itself, it may well be considered as savoring far too much of the policy of "appeasement," now seemingly put aside by reason of the rude awakening which came to Mr. Chamberlain and to his people after Munich and especially after the ravishing of Czechoslovakia last March. They may well say that the world desperately needs a way out and that any constructive idea is to be welcomed. But some of them may believe after their bitter experience that to the present leader of the Reich any proposition in the nature of concession or friendly settlement would appear only as weakness—a weakness in the British people that (according to report) the German Foreign Minister, von Ribbentrop, so constantly urges upon the Fuehrer. Therefore, is it not more likely that the British Cabinet (and the French Government too—now that France has awakened and is hard at work under Daladier's vigorous leadership and under the Reynaud financial reforms) will hesitate to offer many fresh proposals, will continue to increase apace its aircraft production and other phases of rearmament; believing that, in President Wilson's words, "force, force to the utmost" is the only answer that is going to stop fresh moves from Germany? Having repeatedly (Chamberlain's and Foreign Minister Halifax's speeches) made it plain that they are always ready to consider reasoned proposals, are the British Ministers not more likely to let Germany take her turn at doing the guessing and outlining the propositions?

If I mistake not, upon the whole British and French people has settled the conviction that, in Sir Alfred Zimmern's words again, there is no gain in sitting down to conference until "the unity of purpose among the peace-loving powers should be so strong and so effectively organized as to render impossible the recurrence" of the phases of violence through which the European world has been passing, including specifically the forcible political subjection of the non-German peoples in Central and Southeastern Europe. Indeed, there are many shrewd Englishmen who go so far as to say: "No further propositions from us until the head of the German state has made clear to the world that it is only 'Lebensraum' and economic resources that he wants and not world domination." Such men will tell you that they do not altogether favor the frequent British declarations that "encirclement" is only a defensive measure. They think it would make more of a dent upon the people of Germany if England and France were to say at once: "Encirclement? Yes, of course! In the few years following 1914, we encircled you because of your unprovoked aggression on Belgium, and in 1939 we are encircling you to hold in check your aggression against all the nations of Europe. Make no mistake about that!"

Thus finally the impasse continues to exist. The democratic Powers are in no position to make repeated fresh proposals. No solution seems in sight until Germany realizes the futility of continued aggression and comes forward with concrete proposals for discussion. War may have been avoided, but the problem of peace remains unsolved. And what may prove to be the greatest tragedy for the German people, just as they are today accused of having forced upon mankind the tragedy of world unsettlement, is the fact that stands out above all else, namely: that had Germany desired through normal means to insure its own political stability and future prosperity, it could probably have done so through the gradual and peaceful economic penetration of Central and Southeastern Europe. Such a policy, logically conceived and moderately pursued, could, despite their previous negations, readily have been accepted by the Powers. Then that whole region, that now may conceivably become a battleground, could have been gradually converted into an area of free trade and intercourse, and become in itself a great bulwark for continued peace upon the Continent of Europe. In place of this, the ruthless conquest of Czechoslovakia has roused Britain to its depths, has consolidated France, and has made normally neutral nations hostile. Indeed, the striking phenomenon that appears before our very eyes today is the steady unification in purpose of those nations that are ready to prove that they love freedom more than life and are willing, if necessary, to fight for it.

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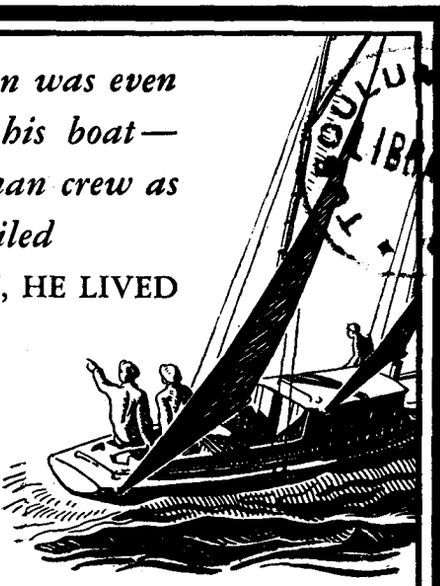

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Demon Lover

BY KATHARINE SIMONDS

IN some corner of her heart, every woman is a boarding-school girl still, and, in that corner, she cherishes the dream of a demon lover. This fantasy came into prominence during the early nineteenth century, at the time when Byron, who was his incarnation, appeared, and when women began to consider the novel their province. The century between Jane Austen's Mr. Darcy and Rudolph Valentino was notable not only for the growing emancipation of women, but also for their growing enslavement to the dream of the demon lover. Even last winter, the bill-boards of America bore witness to Mr. Ford's recognition of this phenomenon; you remember the girl who summed up romance in these terms, "He's tall, and dark, and drives a Ford V-8."

What is he like, this *homme fatal*, whose mere appearance in a novel is frequently good for 100,000 copies, and unnumbered broken homes, whose mere mention on a bill-board was calculated to make 100,000 housewives demand a new car? One of the most persistent of all fantasies, he is also one of the most unchanging: from Don Juan to Rhett Butler, from Charlotte Brontë's Mr. Rochester to Daphne du Maurier's Maxim de Winter, from Emily Brontë's Heathcliff to Clemence Dane's Henry Cope, he has varied scarcely the width of one of his own crisp black hairs. He is tall, he is dark, he his strange. He is proud and aloof; often he has a secret; he is graceful, self-assured, quick-witted; physically powerful, impatient, dynamic, and often dangerous and cruel. You have caught a glimpse of him now and then —and looked again.

But whereas the demon lover of the nineteenth century was only an occasional beautiful dream in fiction, what Sophie Kerr calls "the kiss-the-hand boys" have, in the twentieth century, become a portent not only in American fiction but also in the American home. The Tall Dark Stranger has come to be the symbol of the American wife's dissatisfaction, and an instrument of her ineffective revenge.

For the demon lover is not only a more frequent phenomenon than he was during the last century: he has assumed a new aspect, and one highly significant of the state of mind of his votaries. The loving fiend of the Victorians, of Emily and Charlotte Brontë and of Harriet Beecher Stowe, was a fiend indeed, but circumstances and not nature made him cruel. He was a graceful and embittered savage awaiting redemption by a sort of virgin sacrifice. A good woman alone could teach him virtue—after an interval as respectable as Judith's with Holofernes, and as filled with delicious possibilities. Before the superb and dangerous animal could become the perfect civilized man, the Prince Consort, in fact, she must direct him spiritually by asserting her moral superiority, which was founded mostly on denial of self-evident physical facts.

Now in the twentieth century, the emphasis is very different. The chief charm of the demon lover today is that he does not conform to the pattern to which the American wife has shaped her husband. The woman of the twentieth century, as Brooks Adams told her, has become powerless through trying to make herself into a man; and thus she "has only the importance of a degraded boy." She does not dream of converting *her* demon lover to Heaven; she has forgotten all about Heaven. It is he who brings about change; he forces her to be a woman again; she fights bitterly; she capitulates; and, miraculously, she finds herself happy as never before.

Let us look at some of the novels which have had overwhelming success in the United States because they presented new incarnations of the demon lover. The greatest twentieth century evocation of the tall dark stranger is, of course, "The Sheik." Its heroine was brought up like a boy; her brother hoped that some day she would fall into the hands of a man who would make her obey. And she did. "No one had ever handled her as she was being handled now." And, bitterest of all insults for the post-war young woman, "every moment she was made to feel that she was a woman, forced to submit to everything to which her womanhood exposed her." Yet she ended by being "proud of him with the pride of primeval woman in the dominant man," and by murmuring, she the fearless Amazon!—"I am not afraid of anything with your arms around me, my desert lover." A world of women shuddered, starry-eyed.

What is the big moment of "Gone with the Wind?" I think it is when Scarlett recognized that her husband is her master. During their years of marriage, Scarlett had not consciously loved Rhett; but then there came that glorious moment when he broke down and showed her how fierce he could be. Then, when "for the first time she had met something stronger than herself, someone she could neither bully nor break, someone who was bullying and breaking her," she fell in love.

Margaret Ayer Barnes's heroines do not know what it is they want as specifically as Scarlett came to know it, perhaps because Mrs. Barnes does not understand them—or the situation of American women in general—as thoroughly as does Miss Mitchell. After ten years or so of happy marriage, Mrs. Barnes's heroines are vaguely bored and on the prowl. They do not realize that they want to be mastered;

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they know only that they want to escape the familiar business man, their husband, whose buttons they are committed to sewing on as long as they two shall live. It does not occur to them that the demon lover, when he takes on flesh, must take on buttons too.

Thus Jane, in "Years of Grace," began at thirty-six to want Romance—nothing more concrete than that. From "dear old Stephen" she was attracted by faun-like Jimmy, with his tousled hair and open collar; by Jimmy, the disreputable and détraqué, the notoriously bad husband and father; and why? Because—and it is she herself who says it, though the italics are mine—*"Because he was unlike any other American husband she knew."*

Why, then, is the American wife, as seen in the novels she reads, in revolt against the American husband? In the first place, she despises him because she has succeeded all too well in making him over in the image of what she said was her ideal. Never was man so virtuous as the typical American husband. He is hard-working, kind, affectionate, anxious to please; he is steady, generous and sober; he shaves and washes and brushes his teeth regularly. And, seeing all this, and finding no mystery anywhere about him, she longs for the demon lover, who abides none of her questioning, and certainly none of her influencing.

Furthermore—and this is the bitterest of all—though she despises her husband for being colorless, she realizes that his chance of remarriage is greater than hers, and gains on hers daily. And in a country dedicated to monogamy and obsessed by the young girl, one's marriageability is the supreme test. So in a voice ever shriller, the American wife goes on making demands ever more outrageous, unconsciously longing to be refused, to be mastered.

Margery Allingham suggests that the Englishman, at least, has concluded that too much freedom for wives is out. She implies that wife-beating has returned with the wimple, and violence with the face-veil:

> "D'you know, last week the most fashionable woman in London rushed in to tell me that her husband had thrashed her within an inch of her life, and pitched her boy-friend through a first story window into a holly hedge!"

And how did the woman take it? "She was scandalised, but terribly excited!"

For the most part, the American husband is inarticulate. Sinclair Lewis alone has had the perception and the petulance to show the American wife precisely how absurd her day-dream is. For Fran Dodsworth is the woman wailing for her demon lover in modern dress, and if literature really had any influence on life, she should have perished in her shame on the day of publication:

> "You never understood about Arnold," Fran cries to her husband. "He was Romance; probably my last, and certainly my first. You were always so good: I've admired and respected you; but you've always been so sound, so cautious, whereas with Arnold there was danger and excitement and madness and — "

That is the American wife's pathetic and desperate plea—Romance!—the more pathetic and the more desperate because it is so silly and so beside the point. Sally Benson, who combines an instinctive understanding of women's more childish impulses with an intellectual appreciation of their absurdity, has presented the whole picture in her short story significantly called "Romance"—the story of a woman who picks a fight with a man because he can't gratify her need for novelty by marrying her, having been quite happily married to her for several years already.

Thus, though the demon lover himself has not changed very much, the way in which he is pursued *has* changed; and that difference symbolizes much of the unhappiness of the modern American woman. The nineteenth century wife, busy with her babies and her home, saw her dream of raising a demon to the skies as unlikely to be realized. But the wife of today, taught to feel the compulsion of conquering splendid and unfamiliar worlds rather than that of making a success of her own small world, finds something still missing from her life.

Her first crusade, to make her husband into a Rollo boy, has been on the surface completely successful; her second, to make him into another Rupert of Hentzau—"reckless and wary, graceful and graceless, handsome, debonair, vile and unconquered —" has failed. There are some signs that she has begun to see through the demon lover already. Mrs. Barnes's latest heroine stands at least at wisdom's gate. For her, the pattern is different; she is not a wife regretfully returning to security after having known the excitement of a demon lover. Instead, this heroine has already left her husband to marry the charming, dashing dark Albert; she discovered that what attracts in a lover may be hard to bear in a husband, and that to live with someone tall dark and strange does not necessarily solve any of the dissatisfactions of modern women.

Cheered by such evidence that the American wife is capable of learning, the Rollo boys must abandon their passive attitude and help her to see that her real trouble is in herself and her own way of life. She must shut her trap, and let her moral ascendancy well up again in the silence; to profess herself a woman and not hope to be taken for a girl; and, in gladly reassuming some of her old servitude recapture some of her old glory.

Then, and only then, when most of her mind and heart are mature, will the demon lover get out of the double bed and into the double-decker again. Then, and then only, will America again be safe for the husband.

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The Culture of the Andes

ANCIENT ANDEAN LIFE. By Edgar L. Hewett. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. 366 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by J. ERIC THOMPSON

THIS title is somewhat misleading, as less than one-third of the book deals with the ancient cultures of the Andes. Dr. Hewett first formulates and analyzes the principal environments of man. Of the jungles, specifically mentioning those of the Amazon basin, he comments: "If [their] inhabitants . . . had never existed, world history would be very little different from what it is. . . . Not enough in the way of archeological remains would be left to afford a readable autograph." This is rather sweeping in view of the fact that Maya art and architecture are very largely confined to tropical jungle areas, and the Amazon basin is the home of many important cultural advances, as well as of the remarkable archeological remains of the Marajo culture at the mouth of the Amazon. Indeed, archeologists now tend to derive much in Andine culture from eastern South America.

The first part ends with a picture of the Indian, much like the silent, stolid Indian of the white man's legend. Surely one can no more generalize about the Indian than about the European. In contrast to the behavior pattern of the Pueblo Indian of our Southwest, one must set the ostentation and extraversion of the Indians of the Northwest Coast. Furthermore, many of the responses which Dr. Hewett considers characteristic of the Indian, as, for instance, the dramatic rituals connected with agriculture, are world-wide.

A chapter on the present-day Indians of the Andes leads to the Inca civilization, the outstanding feature of which was its amazing regulation of the people from birth to death. The state set aside land for the maintenance of state officials, the church, widows and orphans, and for reserve supplies, detailed every man's task, and arranged mass interchanges of products and even populations between different areas of the state. Nevertheless, not a page of this book is devoted to this stupendous organization, which even surpassed the communists' ideal.

Similarly, the author completely ignores the remarkable metallurgical advances of the ancient Andine peoples, that unique invention, the quipu, the mnemonic knotted cords of censuses and production statistics, and the enormous diversity of textile techniques and their almost incredibly skillful execution. Instead we are given a rambling account of Pizarro's early life, his conquest of Peru, and extracts from the scarcely pertinent expedition of Orellana to the mouth of the Amazon. The descriptions of the ancient cultures are almost entirely confined to architectural details.

In the final section, the author takes stock of his own labors and of archeologists in general. He bemoans the growing complexity of archeology, and seeks a return to the old days when a pick and shovel and a love for the open life were the sole equipment of the pioneer archeologist. Unfortunately, the age of exploratory archeology is largely past. We do not need more ruins at present so much as fuller information on the growths and the exact interrelationships in a wide historical reconstruction of those already known. Only the patient study of tens of thousands of potsherds and other minutiae, tasks for which Dr. Hewett has little sympathy, will give us the answer.

The plates are uniformly good, but are marred by early Chimu pottery being labeled as Nazca.

J. Eric Thompson is on the staff of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Negro Destinies

BLACK FOLK—THEN AND NOW. By W. E. B. Du Bois. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1939. 401 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

IN the transition of the colored peoples from slavery toward freedom and equality, the name of W. E. B. Du Bois holds an honored place. Challenger of the hypocrisies of color prejudice, interpreter of Negro aspiration and culture, militant editor for many

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BIRD WALKING WEATHER *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.)	"Suicide" dangling from Brooklyn Bridge begins riotous saga of triple murder, robbery, and whatnot all cleared up by Insp. Schmidt.	Alcoholic frenzies of rich, callous, and completely wacky family supply considerable comedy. Method of main murder is novel.	Uproarious
POOR, POOR YORICK *Frederick C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	One corpse in wine vat, another in sleuth Hatch's lab. closet provide plenty to keep that learned gent stepping.	Manhattan theatrical life, treasure hunting, knife throwing, and a somewhat unbelievable Madison Square Garden finish are high spots.	Speedy
DEATH DINES OUT *Theodore DuBois* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Poison in Planter's Punch almost eliminates narrator, kills old oldster, and gives doctor-sleuth Jeffrey tricky problem to solve.	Old standby *curare* is weapon in two killings at Atlantic Coast resort, but for once it's properly handled.	Satisfactory
MOUNTAIN CAT *Rex Stout* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Outspoken Wyoming sisters seeking father's slayer entangle themselves in two other murders. Younger unravels sharp-cornered case.	Characters good, action incessant, and suspense pitched high—but drat author who keeps extra ace up his sleeve.	Tolerable

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years of *The Crisis*, one of the founding spirits of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Dr. Du Bois has devoted his literary gifts to the world-wide cause of interracial sanity.

This life-long work now finds a partial summation, in a survey of the Negro's destiny, a destiny Dr. Du Bois finds to be critically bound up with all human progress. For the present book Dr. Du Bois disclaims exact scholarship. No man, as he points out, can be fully master of the sciences and disciplines that trace any branch of humankind from prehistoric origins through the present chaos of industrialized anarchy. Yet the compulsion of his subject has induced him to expand an essay of twenty-three years ago to a major treatise.

In it Dr. Bu Bois attacks the historic tradition which neglects the Negro part in Egyptian history and culture, and he insists that the Nile has always been part of Africa. He surveys the history of Africa, the welter of its peoples and their ascendant and subsident empires, states, tribes, the multitude of languages spoken on that continent by millions of men. The culture of Africa he charts from its indigenous manifestations to its farthest offshoots among the distinguished men of Europe and the Americas. The slave trade, a subject Dr. Du Bois has explored before this, is analyzed for its effect not merely upon Africans but upon world industrial society. Negro slavery, he finds, prepared the way for industrial slavery. The wars, in Haiti and the Americas, that brought emancipation and enfranchisement, led to the contemporary scene: the Negro in America and "black Europe," the Africa that has been partitioned and is being exploited by the European Powers.

The canvas is a large one and not without defects of detail. A survey of Egyptian history and of African mankind cannot be made adequately in ninety-two pages. There is overcondensation, too, in the twenty-three pages given to the "black United States." The writing is at times so packed with information that it suggests less the author of "The Souls of Black Folk" than the compiler of a text book in economics. There seems to me to be some disproportion between these condensations and the admirable treatment of Haitian history and the partition of Africa. More adequate source references might have strengthened the book's array of facts.

But the cumulative effect of the book is impressive. No one can leave it without a deepened sense of the part the Negro peoples have played and must play in world history. The book constitutes another effective assault upon the parochialism of the historic and sociological writing which neglects the darker groups, and therefore the unity, of mankind.

Herbert J. Seligmann is the author of "Race against Man."

A Metaphysical Approach to Reality

TOWARD A DIMENSIONAL REALISM. By Charles M. Perry. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1939. 180 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

PHILOSOPHERS have broken the world into a number of things—animal, vegetable, and mineral; mental, spiritual, and material—but the author of this book breaks it into something as simple as an event. From this ultimate and irreducible unit he derives, after some dialectical labor pains, the principle of dimensionality by which he attempts to explain the universe and give it intelligible order. From that point Professor Perry, who holds a chair in philosophy at the University of Oklahoma, races through the traditional problems of metaphysics, tagging with the idea of "dimension" such categories as change and the changeless, universal and particular, space-time, terms and relations, cause and effect, subject-object, and process and emergence. Throughout he relies upon and attempts further to refine the doctrines of Samuel Alexander, Lloyd Morgan, and, among the American realists, Walter B. Pitkin, who was a philosopher before he was forty. The whole theory reminds the reviewer of a model of a molecule which displays the relative positions of its constituent atoms. Here the atoms are events, the bars holding them are dimensions, the molecule is the world.

The first seven chapters deal with abstractions of so high an order that one wonders if any language or any illustration could adequately represent them. Certainly only a member of that small public of professional philosophers will be able to attach any meaning to a metaphysics where the universal has no absolute generality and the particular no absolute particularity, and to an epistemology where consciousness becomes an orthogonal relation between the subject and object of knowledge, themselves in a relation of right-angularity. Professor Perry talks intelligibly to the lay reader, however, in the final chapter, "The Multidimensional Society." In these few pages he applies the dimensional analysis to the issues of history and politics, education and the family, equates totalitarianism with a simple structure of orthogonal dimensions, and delivers an eloquent plea for the sort of popular government which allows a complex society of many dimensions. It may not be worth while for everyone to trudge through a forest of abstractions to reach that conclusion but the book is primarily for the metaphysician who, if he reads it at all, will have to read it more than once.

Robert Bierstedt is a member of the department of philosophy at Columbia.

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Saturday Reviewers

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

His father was an army officer and a student of poetry. Stephen Vincent Benét is a poet and a student of military history.

His first volume of poetry, "Five Men and Pompey," was published when he was seventeen. Four years later he graduated from Yale. He won a scholarship for the Sorbonne; and while studying in France, met a young woman who was on the staff of the Paris edition of *The Chicago Tribune* —Rosemary Carr. They were married later in Chicago; and have three children.

This is as good a time as any to straighten out the other Benét relationships. Stephen Vincent is the brother of Laura and of William Rose Benét, poets and critics; and the uncle of James Benét, of the *New Republic* editorial staff.

When Stephen Vincent was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship in 1926, he had planned a long poem that would either be better poetry than he had ever written, or a failure. That he knew his theme was to be the American Civil War did not surprise his family, who remembered his early years in his father's library with its military books. Two years of writing produced "John Brown's Body," of which one critic said at the time, "It is an immense credit to Benét that he has been able to recreate the rough and tumble, sweet and sour of an epoch with a modern imagination, and yet hold it all in one grand theme. If this is what comes of sending poets to Paris on a Guggenheim fellowship, let us send them all there." And in 1929 it received the Pulitzer Prize.

Since then Mr. Benét has written "A Book of Americans" (in collaboration with his wife), "Burning City," and "Thirteen O'Clock." His story "The Devil and Daniel Webster," which first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post,* and then in book form, was recently made into an opera.

Stephen Vincent Benét has been a *Saturday Review* reviewer for many years. He is one of the reasons why you will enjoy a subscription. ($3.50 a year.)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of LITERATURE
420 Madison Avenue New York City

London Book-Talk

BY JOHN HADFIELD

BUT the talk is not about books. How can it be, when nine out of ten intelligent people are resigned to the prospect of aerial plague in the third week of August? You may counter with the comment that stirring times usually produce stirring literature. Not so the grim and reluctant war of nerves in which we are already engaged. Again and again in recent months British writers have said to me, "What is the use?" Use is becoming the only criterion of action.

Not that books are without their uses. A high official has made it known to publishers that their warehouses are effective air-raid shelters. Piles of books are a particularly safe defence against itinerant bits of bomb. The humble bookworm remains the supreme menace in this field of battle.

Whilst there is this lull in the world of books, Britain has honored two of its most eminent "escapist" authors. "Max" becomes Sir Max Beerbohm, and Pelham Grenville Wodehouse has been awarded the degree of Hon. D. Litt. by the University of Oxford. Both events have had wide publicity, and are tributes to the Englishman's love of those who make him appear ridiculous.

Although Max Beerbohm has written nothing recently, he has given occasional broadcast talks which have charmed the multitude. A satisfactory general relationship between books and broadcasting, however, has not yet been achieved, despite energetic efforts by the British Broadcasting Corporation's talks executive, G. R. Barnes, to find voices and personalities that will popularize literature on the air. So far no Alexander Woollcott has been discovered. Perhaps it is for this reason that Woollcott himself has been asked to broadcast a series of weekly "Letters from America" on our National Program. They are proving popular.

Another literary broadcast that has been given a long run is a series of programs of American Humor. Meanwhile, Thurber has been popularized here with the publication of a Thurber anthology by Readers' Union, one of the cheap-price book clubs. And next month Frank Sullivan is to make his British debut with a collection called "Sullivan at Bay."

Radio serialization of books has become very successful, and the British Broadcasting Corporation has taken the unprecedented step of commissioning a famous author to write a novel for broadcasting. The author is J. B. Priestley, and his new novel, of which only about a third is yet written, is to be called "Let the People Sing." It will be broadcast for twenty minutes every Sunday, starting in September. It promises to be a return to the manner of "The Good Companions." "I'm going to give Hitler a rest," says Priestley, who has been much concerned with political journalism in recent months.

Although best-sellers are hard to find just now, there has been a noticeable vogue for vocational autobiographies. Monica Dickens, a great grand-daughter of Charles Dickens, has had a success with a book describing her experiences as a domestic servant. Some attendant newspaper ballyhoo has contributed to this. But the same cannot be said of two books by a taxi-driver, Herbert Hodge, which have greatly interested and amused people, and established their author as a distinctive personality in the literary world. Undoubtedly there is a certain craving for books of real experience which are not about European politics. Zora Hurston's book on Haiti, for instance, has had a big press. So also have General Sir Ian Hamilton's "When I Was a Boy" (not a military book, but an almost lyrical evocation of childhood), and Norbert Casteret's "Ten Years Under the Earth." Another hewer of rocks whose autobiography we are soon to read is Jacob Epstein.

In fiction the American invasion has temporarily been halted. Despite prodigious efforts by its publishers, I doubt if "All This—and Heaven Too" has been as successful in Britain as they had hoped. William Blake's "The World Is Mine" has had some unfavorable reviews. Hemingway's and Dos Passos's last books have not received the critical attention that they should have. On the other hand, Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" is reported to be a forthcoming dual selection of the Book Society.

All things considered, it is surprising that publishers continue to survive as they do. There have been some adjustments. But the majority of publishers continue to be optimistic; and the National Book Council are cheerfully preparing for the greatest National Book Fair ever, to take place in October, Hitler permitting.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 278)

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The New Books

Belles-Lettres

STUDIES IN METAPHYSICAL POETRY. By Theodore Spencer and Mark Van Doren. Columbia University Press. 1939. 80 *pp., with index.* $1.50.

In the first of these two excellent essays, Theodore Spencer suggests that in a decade like ours, "when we are no longer as interested as the past decade was in analyzing our dilemmas and dichotomies," scholarly preoccupation with the work of the "metaphysical" poets is an anachronism. Surely the attention devoted to Donne —198 out of the 540 items in Dr. Spencer's bibliography — bears him out in his belief that the study of that poet has reached a kind of saturation point. Yet the final word, even for our own decade, has not been said so far as Donne is concerned; and the definitive consideration of many of the school has scarcely been undertaken at all. The case of Carew is cited; but an even better example is George Herbert. The Palmer text is sadly inadequate: it cannot bear comparison with Grierson's Donne, for instance, or Martin's Crashaw. If any of these poets can speak to our own decade, it is George Herbert; and there can be no question of anachronism or saturation point until he is made as generally accessible as Donne and Marvell and Vaughan.

The second of the essays, by Mark Van Doren, is witty and (the word is inevitable) urbane. Essentially, it is nothing more than a graceful gesture towards contemporary critics in this field, just as the Spencer essay is a rather perfunctory survey of their work. The real value of this book lies in the Bibliography, which is a complete list (except for the less important book reviews) of the scholarly and critical writing on metaphysical poetry from 1912 to 1938. It is this that makes the little volume indispensable. D. F.

Fiction

WITH LAND IN SIGHT. By Lois Montross. Appleton-Century. 1939. 305 *pp.* $2.

This is a romantic novel about what happens to Tahitians when they come into money and go to live in upstate New York. Kent Salidin, the romantic young adventurer, who has spent his formative years among the natives on the lovely beaches of Tahiti, has an instinctive and highly articulate distrust of the "respectable." Educated by a Tahitian philosopher in an East Indian philosophy of nature, he struggles valiantly—and futilely—against the constrictions of wealth and the real estate business. He finally finds himself forced to settle down into what seems to us constricted and conventional creatures a very pleasant and satisfactory existence—beautiful wife, flourishing business, charming and adoring friends.

The book is composed to pattern. It is charming, light, not badly written, but the overtones of Indian philosophy and the wild, hot background of Tahiti are both unconvincing. And we have read too many novels about unfettered characters who settle down in staid tree-lined New England towns to get particularly excited about the same old story again, especially since none of the characters have any profoundly arresting qualities.

K. W. S.

Miscellaneous

YOU CAN LIVE IN AN APARTMENT. By Dorothy Duncan. Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 248 *pp., with index.* $2.

As Fall comes on apace and newspapers sprout real estate advertisements in increasing numbers, Miss Duncan's book makes an apt appearance for the guidance of the bewildered househunter. It is a volume concrete enough in its suggestions to be of practical assistance, sound and sensible, covering not only the desiderata for a comfortable habitation but some general hints for gracious living. Miss Duncan has suggestions to make as to testing out before signing a lease the convenience of the neighborhood, the noise, light, and air that will be available, and she gives specific instructions as to moving and settling. Decoration, furnishing, the organizing of housework, cooking, the servant problem, entertaining all find discussion. A well-chosen bibliography and an index add value to a useful book.

A. L.

Philosophy

AESTHETIC MOTIVE. By Elisabeth Schneider. Macmillan. 1939. 136 *pp.* $1.75.

The author of this sophisticated little essay discusses the motive which impels men to esthetic creation and esthetic appreciation—in short, the reason for art. With somewhat of a biological and psychological emphasis, she finds this motive in the human craving for unity and synthesis in the face of the miscellaneous confusion and baffling "otherness" of the world. Art has the power imaginatively to satisfy the need for unification and allows the one who creates or enjoys it momentarily to forget the multiplicity of reality. Finally, art is symbolic and in a sense illusory, and no one who tries to create it can succeed with an intent sullied by personal, political, or other principles. The analogy between mystical and artistic experience seems a little unfortunate in terms of the author's thesis, but her identification of esthetic motive with the quest for unity deserves consideration.

R. B.

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9*)

Gaige lived in splendor in a Fifth Avenue flat. His study was literally lined with original Cotton caricatures of the great contemporary masters of English prose. I was so overwhelmed by their excellence that I insisted that Gaige arrange for me to meet the artist. We lunched together the following week and Cotton told fascinating memories of his younger days on the edge of the Forêt de Fontainebleau, where he lived in the same pub with R. L. S. I ordered a Poe and a Whitman and once, and later a robust rendering of the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club, of which I was for many years a contributing member. These three pictures, like faithful friends, have traveled with me from Long Island to Vaucresson to Surrey to New Hampshire.

Why has no perspicacious publisher ferretted out his cartoons and preserved them in reproduction between the covers of a book?

PAUL HYDE BONNER.
Rye Center, N. H.

Word Wanted

SIR:—Once upon a time I came upon a lovely word that rolled off the tongue with a wonderful feeling. I looked up the meaning in Webster, and the definition was

"a large superficial knowledge."

This is an exact quotation. Soon after looking it up I wanted to use the word, and it had completely left me. For three whole years this situation has periodically set me crazy. Can you help me? I've used every device I can think of to find the word again.

ISABELLE T. LINDSAY.
Beverly Hills, Cal.

James Whitcomb Riley

SIR:—The Indiana Historical Society has undertaken a bibliographical study of James Whitcomb Riley. Much source material may be found in Indianapolis, but it is hoped that librarians elsewhere, as well as collectors and other interested persons, may be able to add information regarding the ephemeral bits of Rileyana. If the readers of the *SRL* have pamphlets, etc., by or about Riley and will send a description of them, such helpful interest will be greatly appreciated.

The task of compilation is under the direction of Mr. Anthony J. Russo, with Mrs. Russo collaborating. The work is directed by a special committee consisting of Mr. Josiah K. Lilly, Jr., chairman, Mr. Christopher B. Coleman, Mr. Benjamin D. Hitz and Mr. Albert L. Rabb. Communications should be addressed to Mr. Russo, c/o The Indiana Historical Society, Indiana State Library Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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Secretary
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TUTORESS, teaching experience. Phi Beta Kappa. Box 382-D.

Double-Crostics: No. 279

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

													1-U	2-C	3-V	
4-P		5-N	6-Y	7-X	8-M	9-P	10-U	11-Z	12-D	13-F		14-S	15-T	16-L	17-R	18-J
	19-O	20-Q	21-X	22-R	23-B		24-G	25-I	26-A		27-T	28-W	29-Z	30-Y	31-P	32-J
	33-T	34-O	35-Y	36-U	37-S		38-N	39-D	40-E	41-V		42-H	43-V	44-A		45-G
	46-A	47-P	48-K	49-Q		50-Z	51-P	52-L	53-E		54-S	55-T	56-B	57-E	58-R	
59-V	60-W	61-X		62-Y	63-B	64-U	65-N		66-B	67-P	68-G		69-Z	70-A	71-V	
72-T	73-X	74-G		75-G	76-J	77-F	78-Y		79-G	80-H		81-L	82-K	83-U	84-M	
85-C	86-H	87-G		88-V	89-C		90-W	91-F	92-B	93-G	94-C		95-R	96-P	97-Y	98-Z
99-U	100-K	101-E	102-W	103-B	104-J	105-M		106-G	107-L		108-S	109-W	110-M	111-P	112-N	113-F
	114-I	115-H		116-D	117-G	118-A	119-R	120-H		121-H	122-M		123-E	124-O	125-J	126-F
127-K		128-C	129-H		130-D	131-K	132-Z	133-J	134-E		135-O	136-F	137-N	138-E	139-K	
140-O	141-C	142-L	143-V	144-U	145-Z	146-B	147-H		148-K	149-G	150-V	151-Y	152-M	153-Q		154-O
155-V	156-C	157-F		158-H	159-E	160-U	161-Q	162-J	163-G	164-A		165-I	166-H	167-W	168-N	
169-U	170-F	171-E	172-R	173-X		174-A	175-D		176-G	177-A	178-I		179-W	180-S	181-M	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Plot to kill Chas. II (2 wds.) (1683.)
B. Roll up intricately.
C. Light bed or cot (Anglo-Ind.)
D. Petulant.
E. Nutritive starch.
F. Uses again in another form.
G. Imbued thoroughly (comp., fig.)
H. Beer and ginger ale mixture.
I. Residence of Irish high kings.
J. Devour.
K. Avoiding by artifice.
L. Jeweler's magnifying glass.
M. Catching sight of.
N. Roman Emperor (98-117.)
O. Part of a barn.
P. Disappear gradually.
Q. Son of Seth (Bib.)
R. Norwegian explorer (1861-1930.)
S. Clownish; clumsy.
T. Daft (slang.)
U. Affect with folly.
V. English poet (1837-1909.)
W. Barbed spear for big fish.
X. Shut in a cage.
Y. Foretold.
Z. Non-existent place.

WORDS

A. 164 44 177 46 174 118 26 70
B. 103 23 63 56 66 92 146
C. 156 2 85 94 141 128 89
D. 39 12 130 175 116
E. 40 134 138 101 57 53 159 171 123
F. 113 91 157 77 13 170 136 126
G. 68 75 93 87 45 74 106 176 163 24 79 117 149
H. 115 166 121 86 147 158 120 42 80 129
I. 165 25 178 114
J. 76 104 18 125 32 162 133
K. 131 48 148 139 82 100 127
L. 81 107 16 142 52
M. 84 122 110 152 8 181 105
N. 38 65 112 5 137 168
O. 124 140 135 154 34 19
P. 31 51 47 96 67 4 9 111
Q. 49 161 20 153
R. 119 22 17 172 95 58
S. 37 108 180 54 14
T. 27 72 15 55 33
U. 10 36 83 99 1 160 144 169 64
V. 59 150 3 41 88 155 71 43 143
W. 60 167 102 109 179 28 90
X. 21 61 73 173 7
Y. 151 6 30 35 78 62 97
Z. 29 11 132 69 50 145 98

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Salt on the Spine

A FRIEND came back from vacation on Cape Cod, handsomely sunbronzed, and told poor Old Q. a story. ☞Our friend said he had been out sailing all afternoon, in breezy weather, wearing only bathing trunks. He got home to Chatham (where the Chatham Bookshop is, by the way) to find his two small daughters in some innocent woe. ☞Experienced parent, he sought to assuage their tears by distraction. ☞Did you know, he asked them, all the ocean that splashes on Daddy turns to salt on his back. ☞ They were astonished and doubtful. ☞You can taste it, he said. ☞Delighted by this novel game they set to work with flashing tongues; and some callers, arriving just then for cocktails, were surprised to find paterfamilias on all fours while the children busily licked along his spine. ☞Our friend is an important business executive, and we cried in ecstasy "What a grand idea for an ad." ☞We couldn't use it, he demurred; it's too undignified. ☞ So we asked permission to try it as a parable for the Trade. ☞It has been proved many times that intelligent advertising, the right kind of copy for the right kind of book, brings extraordinary results in the S. R. L. ☞In short, as far as the book trade is concerned, our Spine is covered with Salt. ☞Old Q. doesn't write much advertising; only when he feels pretty good after chopping wood or cooking hamburgers; it may never happen again.

☞Replying to the memorandum here (July 8) about Shelley's connection with Newark, N. J., Beatrice Winser, librarian of the Newark Public Library, informs us that there is a Christ Church in Belleville, just north of Newark; it may be that this is the one referred to in the traditional account of Shelley's ancestry. ☞John H. Hopkins, publisher of light fiction, mysteries and Westerns, died July 14. Mr. Hopkins began his career as office boy with Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. We gather from the papers that he was the first to recognize the sales possibilities of the verse by Robert W. Service. ☞A bulletin from the Soviet Pavilion at the World's Fair says that the six American writers most read in Russia are Mark Twain, Jack London, O. Henry, Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, and Ernest Hemingway. In the three years 1935-38 over 1½ million copies of books by Mark Twain were sold in the Soviet Union. It appears that American writers are more popular in Russia than those of any other foreign nation. ☞The present Fair, by the way, is not the first one held in Flushing. There was one in 1861 and the egregious Bloodgood H. Cutter ("The Long Island Farmer") wrote a poem about it. Edward Naumburg, Jr., sends us a photostat of the piece; it is just as terrible as one would expect.

☞James Still writes from Troublesome Creek, Hindman, Ky., sagely warning esurient old Q. against alluding to cooking recipes. Last September, in a story in the *S. E. P.*, Mr. Still mentioned a dish which is a favorite in Troublesome Creek: cushaw blooms fried in butter. He is still being belabored by requests for details.

☞Olga Owens in the *Boston Transcript* says that Fannie Farmer's Boston Cook Book is now in its 54th edition and has sold 1,886,000 copies. ☞Miss Owens notes the changes in diet and methods since Mrs. Farmer's first edition in 1896. In the first edition there was only one salad; now 8 pages of "fruit salads" alone. (Horrible). ☞"Broccoli is purely modernistic," says Miss Owens; but we have seen it in menus of London restaurants a hundred years ago. ☞Friends of Harvard University have purchased the 140-foot schooner *Capitana* for Professor S. E. Morison and others to retrace the route of Columbus and study his navigation. This for the pleasing purpose of documenting Professor Morison's biography of Columbus, to be published next year by Little, Brown. ☞We have been interested to see the wide and increasing influence of Clarence K. Streit's book *Union Now* (Harpers, $3) which makes intelligent and detailed suggestions for a federated union of the North Atlantic democracies. The Union Press, National Union Building, Washington, D. C., is vigorously following up this book by a monthly bulletin which we hope some booksellers may have examined. ☞The bookseller's trouble is he needs an encyclopaedist to sort out his promotion mail and tell him what's worth study. We understand that a cheaper school and college edition of Mr. Streit's book is in preparation.

☞Further study of our new neighborhood yielded the observation that the N. Y. Bible Society, at 5 E. 48th Street, offers a little pocket edition of the New Testament, "World's Fair Souvenir Edition," with the trylon and perisphere stamped on it in gilt, for 25 cents. This somewhat startled Old Q., but pleased him too. ☞Florence W. Rowland writes from Pasadena that she is preparing an article about Rejection Slips. ☞She wants to know if we were discouraged by them (we were) and do we feel they should be made more personal. ☞She says "I favor a small square of paper with an allowance of several inches for a brief note of encouragement or comment." ☞We still think that the best of all rejection slips was that of the *Atlantic* in the old days—"The Atlantic begs to be excused the ungracious task of criticizing."

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